

Cassie's Little Song

by Paige Collins

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Summary: The title is from my own memory, so don't be mean if it's wrong. The document was Cassiel. Don't know why. Please read and review. I haven't gotten any new reviews yet. If you read it, you'll find out.

Cassie's Little Song

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Cassie's Little Song

By: Paige Collins

Authors Note: There is no song I know like this. I made it up, as I do a lot of songs. I also write songs.

Cassie picked up the book and slammed it against her desk. How could she do homework when life didn't go on? Jake. Jake was gone. Dead. Killed in battle. How could she do homework knowing her loves parents son would never come home? Knowing she'd never see him again.

A small tear ran down Cassie's cheek. She quickly wiped it off gently with her finger.

Then she had an idea. Not a great one, though.

Then took the piece of paper, a freshly sharpened pencil and began to write. And this what she wrote:

I'm sitting here, all alone,

Wishing now life was gone,

Knowing life will never be the same,

From time and time again,

Heartless cruelties are the blame,
Jake is watching me from Heaven as I write,
Hard at work,
Jotting down a song this very night,
Chorus: As life changes all the time,
Life goes on like candle light,
Burning slowly and oh so bright,
My love for you is great,
My love for you is great,
I watched slowly as he died,
Screaming in pain as I watched and cried,
Darkness was around,
Lonely, cold on the ground,
Lay Jake,
Only God knows why,
He'd have to go,
He'd have to die,
Chorus: As life changes all the time,
Life goes on like candle light,
Burning slowly and oh so bright,
My love for you is great,
My love for you is great,
Slowly rocking as I write this song,
But I realize that life go on,
We mourn for the ones we lost on the road of life,
Still pray to have them by our sides,
Many die,
Many live,
Still I wonder why,
I am speaking now directly to God: why did he have to die? Why did he have to die? Oh, why did he have to dieâ€|dieâ€|die!!!

Cassie stared blankly at what was on the paper. All true. All true.

She reread the song, singing along.

—
Where did all that come from? She wondered. _I'm not a terrific song writer, but that's great_.

Oh well. She sighed and folded the paper and glanced at the candle burning. That's where the burning candle bit came from.

—
I'll blow it out later. She thought.

She crawled into bed, her eyes leaking tears. She turned over.

" I love you." She whispered softly to the air. The wind from her open window blew harder and blew out the candle.

Hey, it was Cassie writing the story. Not me. She was here, she knocked me out, drug me into the closet, and posted it. I'm not the one who did it. And Jake was standing right next to her! So he isn't dead. And it's about 7:00 or 8:00 in the morning now and I'm not tired, so I had plenty of energy. Please review with comments.

End
file.